Would he select a man whose whole life had been spent in the study of the sciences and classics and who had had no practical contact with any extensive and varied business and only contact with elegant and accomplished gentlemen?

Senator J. P. Jones expressed the idea perfectly when he said to Senator Lodge: "I have read your books, Lodge, they are beautiful, I have heard your speeches, they are fine, but senator, you don't know a d——d thing in the world of how a poor man goes to work to make a living."

When Andrew Jackson was elected president men were afraid.

They said he was a rough soldier, an indifferent lawyer, a horse racer, etc.—not at all the scholar and gentleman needed to occupy the White House.

They did not realize the shrewd judgment needed to compass the tactics and strategy of the race track; or that the rough soldier would be just the one to keep his eyes on his country's enemies; or that a grounding in the law gives an alert and honest man a clear intuition to grasp the right in any given case.

Abraham Lincoln had practically no education in the schools but what other man ever carried such an equipment of brain and heart into the presidency as did he?

Mr. Gladstone was a much finer scholar than Disraeli, but he was a failure as premier, a most costly mistake, while Disraeli gave England the most brilliant administration it had enjoyed since the sceptre fell from the hand of Pitt.

But Gladstone's translation of the Iliad was marvelous.

A president of the United States should not only be a most sagacious business man but should have an intimate personal knowledge of all the people of all the states. Unless he has he will assume the great office, hedged about unconsciously with a robe of provincialism which he can never divest himself of.

He will, too, be stuffed full of personal theories which a little contact with all the people would long before have scattered to the winds.

A too close adherence to the studies of the schools, with no mingling in the practical affairs of life is liable to have the same effect upon a man that too close inbreeding does upon horses. It is followed by a lack of steady judgment, impatience of needed restraint, a disposition to fly the track when the presence is most urgent, irritability and a desire to take the bit and run away just when most is expected.

The most essential need to fit boys to be real men, is a training in the simpler lessons of military discipline while yet young. It teaches them discipline and at the same time self respect. It improves their bearing; it impresses upon them the obligations of duty, and the obligation that is upon them to do their best in whatever honorable occupation it becomes their duty to fill. It dissipates foolish ideas and fits their minds, their hands and eyes for a life work.

George M. Scott

A VERY splendid man and citizen was George M. Scott. He was in the limelight for three and sixty years on this coast, and not one reproach attached to his high name. He was a shrewd business man, but all the time "he went about doing good."

His sense of justice dominated all his acts. So far as we know he never held but one office, that of mayor of this city, and in occuping that his only thought was for the good of all the people of this city. It was at a critical period. Following a groove the groove had deepened into a rut; the passions of men had made differences that were baneful to the welfare of all and Mr. Scott's idea was that if justice could be done, the object lesson that would be presented would draw men who had been in many ways estranged together, and awaken in their minds a desire for a closer walk and an improved condition. He succeeded; the intention behind his acts is still bearing fruit—the thoughts of earnest men have advanced much faster even than the marvelous material advance of the city.

He had the strength to do right and the grace to do right without giving the most prejudiced any just ground for complaint; he could defend a principle without engaging in personal animosities, and being so equipped and guided by such motives he was able to perform a work here which not only redounded to his honor then, but lingers a sacred remembrance.

His private life was perfect; none of the turbulence and recklessness of the early boisterous days ever attached to him; his friendships were steadfast as the stars—the secret of his life lay in his deep sincerity and truth, and his love for native land and every division of it.

He toiled incessantly for almost three score years and then when three score and fifteen years of age, he sought the quiet of Santa Barbara for a resting place.

There for nine years past he has been waiting, listening to the stories that the incoming surges have brought from across the sea; to the soft murmurs that the winds carried down to him from the hills, to the echoes that memory has been sounding in his soul of the years wherein he toiled while youth merged into manhood and manhood declined to old age; to voices in his soul that long ago grew silent here, and in contemplating the mystery of our life here and waiting hopefully and without fear for the change that has now come.

We grieve for him for friendship when tried for years becomes intertwined in one's heart strings; but realize all the time there should be no selfish sorrow for him, for his faith had been absolutely serene for years; he had lived until the hands that he had clasped lovingly here had almost every one been translated and were stretching down in loving welcome to him, and knowing this there should be no tears mingled in our "All Hails! and Farewells!"

The After Sorrow

VERY old people recall among their earliest recollections, the coming to their parents' houses, at stated intervals, swarthy tramps bearing each a dirty paper on which was written a statement that the bearer lost his home and many kindred by an eruption of Mount Vesuvious, and closing with an appeal for help to bring the few remaining members of his family to the United States.

When it was told the little children of a family what the paper said, how they wondered what the eruption of a mountain meant, where it could be and how it could be when the world was so calm and nature wore only smiles.

But Vesuvious has extended all over Europe and throughout western Asia now; there are burned cities and dead men in the wake of the cataclysm everywhere and the hearts of the men and women who have survived are under a shadow like that of death. That upheaval will cease after a while and then our people must prepare for another invasion of men bearing certificates that they lost all in the fiery upheaval.

That will not be the worst of the sorrow; those creatures will eventually merge with our own people, something of the darkness in their blighted hearts will attach to the clear air of our land, something of the rage and grief and despair in their souls will find expression and give an unrest to our own people.

If possible they should be received tenderly and given employment, something to occupy their